Tony Stark: Underwear Thief

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Tony Stark: Underwear Thief

by LagLemon

Summary

Tony really likes Steve - really really likes him even. Unfortunately, he can't seem to get up the nerve to do anything about it when he's sober. Thankfully, Steve doesn't seem to mind his night time visitor. Tony's not really sure what that means.

Notes

Yeah... this was inspired by the little red canonic thong that Tony wears in the Iron Man comics (and by another fic I'm working on). Might be a little cracky/crazy... but hopefully someone will enjoy it xD
** I gave it another quick read and fixed some errors - hopefully I've got the rest of them now xD **

In hindsight, drowning himself in alcohol and large breasted blonde women was probably not the brightest idea he had ever had. He had only gone to the party because it had been a Stark Event – one that Pepper had been badgering him about for the past month or so, and boy had it not been what he had been expecting. Sure it had been classy as usual, a black tie affair with trays of hard liquor floating around on the shoulders of Swedish supermodels, men so built they could have carried Tony around on one of their trays without even noticing his extra weight; he had a feeling that it was Pepper's idea of a joke, seeing as how she knew about his little problem. Usually he didn't care enough about the servers to notice anything more than the ones with full or empty trays, using them only as places to stash empty glasses. Lately, he only had eyes for blondes; handsome, built, sweet blondes with blue eyes and charming smiles. Pepper was probably off in the corner laughing it up, and now that he had fixated on the servers they seemed to be *everywhere*. It was annoying, was what it was. He had been trying to get his mind off things for a while and now all he could see was damned blonde hair and blue eyes at every turn.

He had been expecting to see the normal socialites heading towards him the moment he stepped through the door, all of them wanting their piece of the Tony Stark pie, and they had been there sure enough. He had sidestepped the lot and tried for the bar with them trailing after him like a gaggle of well-dressed geese. What he had *really* wanted to see was Steve Rogers hanging around on the fringes of the party; a little birdie had told him that Steve was supposed to be here, and with the hours Tony had been working, it would have been the sweetest reward to see Steve standing there all shined up and spiffy in his tuxedo. Tony had bought him that tuxedo. He knew that tuxedo by heart, and had practically named every stich in the thing, every detail committed to memory.

Steve was pretty much the only person he wanted to stare at these days; it was *awful*. He knew he was crazy, but he hadn't thought he was *that* crazy. Steve was his friend – the man who had only *recently* become his friend when he had saved Tony from a rather embarrassing situation involving spiders; they had been arguing and snapping at each other for months before that, and it shouldn't have felt so right to think about Steve like *that*. He really shouldn't have been so attracted to Steve, even if Steve was five thousand different kinds of adorable no matter what he did. Tony had never thought he was anything other than straight before Steve had walked into his life, but there was just something so *Steve* about… well, *Steve*. Tony just couldn't get enough of the goofy smile, couldn't help slipping from ordinary thoughts about life with Steve into daydreams about all the ways he might be able to make Steve writhe on his bed with the simple application of tongue to cock; sometimes he just flashed back to Steve's face when he was working out and then it was all hands-down-his-pants-good from there, nothing but lust and a sweaty palm to keep him company while he worked out his frustration.

Tony had even started watching what women did to his cock during blowjobs, and that was just bizarre, even for him. Before Steve he was all for just lying back and letting the ladies work their magic in peace, appreciating the effort and then returning the favor later on when they were ready to let him take the wheel again. But now every time he got blown, it always seemed like he was watching an educational video, the act unfairly stripped of all eroticism; it wasn't even worth it anymore. Half the time he couldn't even keep it up long enough for

them to finish. The idea of them going down on him was just… nothing in comparison to the idea of having Steve around.

And it wasn't *fair*.

He had never thought that the world was fair in the first place, but right now it was being *especially* unfair to him, and he had done so much for it too! The least it could have done was throw him a bone every once in a while, give him some kind of hint that he wasn't lusting for a man who could have cared less. How was he supposed to not act on his feelings? Steve was like the last piece of candy after Halloween, the *best* piece saved for that perfect moment when no one else could steal it away. He knew that he shouldn't have it, but it was just sitting there, ripe for the taking. Well no. He would never just take Steve like that; Steve was too precious to waste on a one time candy fling. Tony knew the rules, understood the boundaries Steve had put in place and while he didn't like the fact that he was going to be in for a veritable lifetime marriage to his right hand, he could *probably* live with it; for Steve, he would do anything and that was just terrifying because he was supposed to be selfish, wasn't he?

No matter how many times Tony had scanned the room that night, casually pretending that he was trying to get a good look at the gold and red lantern decorations, he hadn't been able to spot Steve. It had left a hollow feeling in his gut, one he wasn't sure he had ever felt before. So he had done what he usually did when faced with a large, drawn out party. He had found himself a lady-friend and got himself hammered.

Tony stumbled home with said blonde goddess hanging off his arm. He grinned at her, his mind buzzing and dull all at the same time, thoughts as far away as the clouds. It was a familiar song and dance, one he worshiped with a sickening regularity; he knew it wasn't the best thing to do to his shrapnel damaged heart, but sometimes he couldn't help the pull of a good drink, the sharp taste of whiskey on his tongue better than any freshwater spring the world could bottle. He had been getting drunk like this for years, ever since he had been a teenager and it had always been the best numbness he could manage without resorting to stuffing himself in the freezer. His body felt loose, his mind at peace. He heard giggling and turned to grin at it.

His eyes locked with blue orbs; angry blue orbs that looked ready to burst into flames. He staggered, catching himself on a pair of breasts, the owner giggling shrilly at the unexpected contact.

Steve.

Tony opened his mouth, snickered, his brain not quite catching up with the rest of him. He had been waiting for someone – and it had been Steve! Had to have been Steve – no one else had those blue eyes. There was blue, and then there was *Steve* blue; nothing compared to it, no fire burned brighter, no gaze more piercing.

And then Steve was nodding at Tony.

He left, his tie gripped tightly in his hand and Tony couldn't wrangle his tongue into cooperating enough to get a word out to tell him to stop. He vanished; Tony gaped, the blonde bombshell nibbling at his neck, whispering that they should go up to bed and start putting him to better use. Blinking, he allowed himself to be pulled to his private elevator by the front of his five thousand dollar dress shirt.

She was gorgeous, spread out across Tony's sheets all smooth cream skin and blonde hair; he wanted to bury his face in her breasts, to enjoy the softness of her flesh as he was expected to, but faltered, kneeling naked over top of her, his swollen cock hanging like a pendulum between his legs. She smirked expectantly up at him and he dipped forwards to give her a kiss. They broke apart, breathless and he felt her leg wrap around his hip, pulling him closer. He reached for a condom, tearing it open with his teeth and then looked down at her, only vaguely understanding what he was doing.

"I'm waiting," She slurred, just as drunk as he was. They probably shouldn't be doing this but he couldn't remember why.

He beamed, seeing Steve's face in his mind's eye; he stood up and staggered towards the door, stumbling out into his oh-so-modern living room with the condom clutched in his hand like a white flag of surrender. The blonde didn't even seem to notice that he was gone; then it was just him, his living room and the warm air from the central heating. He caught his reflection in the glass and stared at himself, everything blurred and sluggish.

"I wonder what Steve's doing?" Tony mumbled, scrubbing a hand over his face. He noticed the condom when it hit his beard and wondered how it had gotten there, tossing it away with a shake of his head. All he wanted to do was see Steve; lovely, sweet Steve. He staggered towards the elevator and had it moving down to Steve's floor with nothing more than a prod of a button; he could hear Jarvis trying to talk to him, but ignored the chiding AI, knowing in his gut that all he needed was to lay his eyes on Steve.

Steve's floor was clean, almost insanely so with his grey-blue carpets looking as if they had just been installed that very day. There was nothing to clutter the coffee table, no trinkets or knickknacks out on the mantle over the fireplace and absolutely nothing on the dining table. There weren't even any pictures on the wall either, although Tony knew for a fact that Fury had presented Steve with framed photographs of the Howling Commandos. Steve didn't spend much time on his floor apparently; Tony saw him in the communal rec room all the time, and he knew that Steve often fell asleep on the couch at all hours of the day with a book clutched tightly in his hands but he hadn't expected to see such Steve's private domain so empty. Tony stumbled through Steve's living room, nearly slicing himself open on the corner of the glass coffee table. It wouldn't have felt bad even if he *had* clipped it; he was in such a pleasant mood he doubted that pain could have dulled it even for a minute.

Steve's bedroom door was closed. Tony goggled at it, his hands on his hips, trying to process just what that meant.

"Sir? I would advise that you not visit Captain Rogers at the moment. Perhaps you should come back at a more reasonable hour. I believe he is sleeping at the moment sir," Jarvis said, his voice so soft Tony had to strain to hear it. He shook his head, waving a hand breezily at nothing in particular. "It's fine Jarvis. I'll just go see what he's up to,"

Tony fumbled with the door handle, trying to get his hand to cooperate; it was tough work, but he managed it without putting out an eye. When the door opened Steve was sitting up ramrod straight in his bed peering at Tony through the darkness like he expected to be mugged or something. Tony grinned, leaning against the handle, nearly knocking himself over as the door swung slowly open.

"Hey Steve, you awake?" He asked, squinting at Steve. Goosebumps broke out on his skin and he rubbed lazily at the ones on his arm as he closed the door and walked into the room, not waiting for Steve to invite him in. He was here for a reason after all, and he wasn't going to get chased out for anything.

"Tony? What are you doing here?" Steve mumbled, blinking back sleep, his hair sticking up at the sides.

Tony wanted to run his fingers through that hair so badly he almost didn't notice that his feet had already carried him close enough to do so. He hit the corner of the bed with a surprised grunt and swore, staring down at the offending piece of furniture. He hefted himself up onto the mattress and perched beside Steve's leg, leaning heavily on his arms. "So, I was thinking…" Tony paused, his words grinding to a halt. What was he actually here for? He had been meaning to talk to Steve about something, but now he couldn't remember what it was. He shook his head and adlibbed for all he was worth, grinning as the words spilled out of his mouth. "I should put some new survival packs in the Quinjet. Something that everyone can use – you know, like people specific. Stuff. People… yes." He let the words sink in, frowning when he realized that he had run out of things to talk about even though he had had more than a few sentences squirreled away before. Steve stared at him, a mixture of curiosity and confusion on his face. Tony grinned even harder, hoping that a little of his madness might rub off; he locked eyes with Steve, suddenly very aware that he was close enough to steal a kiss. "So? What do you think?"

"Jarvis, am I actually awake right now?" Steve asked. He was looking at Tony in a funny, almost concerned way, as if he wasn't quite sure why Tony was here. But that was absurd. Tony had already explained – hadn't he?

Jarvis answered Steve, spewing something out that seemed to pacify him. Tony didn't much care what Jarvis had said; at this point he would have been happy to smear himself against Steve's delicious abs. He started drawing circles on the comforter underneath his body until the urge went away, letting the lust fizzle out as Steve continued to talk. He looked up when the noise stopped, feeling disoriented. How had he gotten here again? He must have walked, because he was here now and this was Steve's floor, wasn't it?

“So, what do you think?” Tony asked. He dropped sideways onto the comforter, peering up at Steve, his body falling into a lazy pose with his hips thrusting forwards to put himself on display. This he knew how to do – *this* was easy; he had been waiting for this for months, the thought of being naked in Steve’s bed something that had snuck into his dreams whenever his nightmares left him alone long enough to even have them. Steve stared at Tony, going a little pink in the cheeks and Tony chuckled, tracing a hand over his thigh as he tried to keep from tipping backwards. He still had it.

Steve swallowed hard, licking his lips. “What do I think about what?” he asked carefully, sounding unsure.

Tony squinted at him, amazed by Steve’s ability to completely forget what they were talking about. “About my idea!” he grumbled. “God Steve, you’d think that you were the one who was drunk. Are you always this dense?” He regretted the words the moment they came out of his mouth, but they were out there for better or worse now, so he grinned again hoping that Steve didn’t think they were a challenge or something stupid like that.

He didn’t have to worry too much.

Steve rolled his eyes instead of growling at Tony, almost looking amused . “I'm only dense when one of my teammates is lying naked on my bed,” he said dryly, standing up. And that wasn’t right at all – why the hell was Steve leaving?

Steve started digging around inside his dresser, yanking out a pair of sweat pants that looked massive in his hands. He tossed them to Tony, refusing to meet Tony’s eye for some reason; Tony missed the throw, too stunned to do anything but watch them vanish into the darkness behind him. Unsatisfied with the result, Steve went back to rummaging around, completely ignoring Tony again. If Tony wasn’t so drunk, he would have been offended by the behavior. Of course, the shirt that hit Tony in the shoulder next did what Steve had likely been intending, shocking him into catching it.

Tony flicked the shirt away, annoyed by its very existence. “Why are you throwing things at me?” he said, distinctly aware that he sounded like he was whining but that was impossible. He didn’t *whine* .

“I’m throwing things at you because you’re naked,” Steve said in exasperation; as if that was something Tony should just *know*.

Tony didn’t like the sound of the words or the look on Steve’s face; they seemed far too cruel. That hollow pit in Tony’s chest came flaring back to life, pushing all of his rational thoughts away. “And you, what? Do you always throw things at naked people? Or is it that you don’t like what you see?” Tony snorted, sitting up slowly as his head spun. “What’s wrong Steve? Are you some kind of *prude*? Did they raise you in a nunnery with all the other proper boys and girls?” He tried to sneer, but his lips were still stuck in a grin so he gave up, thinking that Steve should probably be angry about something but not knowing what that something might be.

“I’m not a prude,” Steve grumbled, his hands finding their way to his hips. “I just think that it’s inappropriate for you to be sitting there naked when you’ve left your dame upstairs.”

“So it’s the nudity then. That’s what’s bothering you.” Tony said, surprised by the admission. So it *was* him. He wasn’t what Steve wanted and here he was, out on display like some common whore –

“Aren’t you cold?” Steve asked with a tired sigh.

Tony blinked owlishly at Steve. “What?”

“Aren’t you cold? I don’t have the heat on in here,” Steve said, gesturing to the room.

Tony shrugged; it felt cold, yeah, but it wasn’t like that couldn’t be solved by the application of a little skin on skin action.

“Would you like me to turn the heat on?” Jarvis asked. Tony wanted to flip him the bird, and then he remembered that it was just Jarvis and that the act would be pointless.

“No, no,” Steve sighed, leaning against the dresser. “It’s fine. I just…” He started digging in the dresser again, eyes still locked on Tony’s as he plucked an item blindly from the depths, chucking them at Tony. He looked absolutely horrified when Tony caught the bundle, nearly tumbling head first off the side of the bed to manage.

Tony looked down at his hand and smirked as Steve's face practically burst into flames. The baby blue briefs in his hand were soft and well worn; obviously ones that Steve had kept around for god-knows-how-long. He stared at them, well aware that Steve was busy staring at *him* as if he had lost his mind. Tony had to admit, the feel of the fabric in his hand probably clouded his judgement more than it should have. He thumbed the front of the briefs; aware of the way blue looked against his hand, the perfect match to the soft glow of the arc reactor in his chest.

They were perfect. He couldn’t have picked anything better in the world to be holding in his hands. Sure, he would have appreciated them being still warm from Steve’s body and Steve being naked too, but this was pretty good all things considering. Tony looked up at Steve again and saw something there in his eyes, something soft and scared. “Well, if it makes you happy,” he grumbled, trying not to sound as hurt as he felt. He wiggled, nearly dropping the briefs as he pulled them on one leg at a time, rolling the elastic up over his hips. The briefs didn’t quite fit; it sort of felt like Tony had raided a giant’s underwear drawer instead of Steve’s. He couldn’t help but grin at the comparison even as the briefs sagged their way pathetically down his belly, pausing belatedly at his hips as if in an afterthought. The briefs pooled around his groin all puffed up, like a pair of underinflated water wings. He rolled on the comforter and adjusted the fabric, flattening it out so that it didn’t feel quite so awkward. “You have really big hips,” he commented, rolling over onto his side, the warmth of the blanket blindsiding him. His eyelids drooped without permission, his brain sputtering as it tried to kick back in, grinding to a halt as the alcohol in Tony’s veins put on the brakes; he yawned, rubbing his eyes. “Are you coming to bed or what sweetheart?” Tony raised his head, blinking drowsily at Steve. He patted the blanket beside him. “You’re right. It’s cold in here. Come warm me up.”

Steve stared at him. “Uh…”

Tony wriggled and shuffled against the blanket, trying to flip it up; he let out a pleased noise when Steve tugged the blanket gently out of his grasp and set things right, tucking him in. Tony wanted to move closer, would have enjoyed pressing himself up against that broad back, but it wasn't to be; his body let him down, the alcohol and the weight of the day finally catching up to him. He fell asleep with Steve a few feet away, one hand reaching out to stroke absentmindedly in Steve's golden locks.

Tony woke up and groaned into something warm. He pried his eyes open, ready to just squash himself back into whoever it was he had brought home with him the night before. He blinked at a familiar neck, golden hair curled and matted from sleep. Steve was lying underneath him. More importantly, there was drool all over the back of Steve's neck and Tony had no idea how he had gotten where he was. He inched out of the bed, moving as slowly as he dared, praying that Steve wouldn't wake up. There was no way in hell he was going to deal with this – not without a huge boatload of coffee and a few thousand feet in between him and Steve's right hook.

Oh god, he was in so much trouble. He backed his way out of the room, grunting in pain when the doorknob hit him in the small of the back; it opened without protest, blessedly silent. He ran to the elevator and dived inside.

"Oh god, Jarvis what was I thinking?" Tony groaned, pressing his hand to his forehead. His head started to pound like he had invited a bunch of Taiko drummers in to perform a private concert. He leaned heavily against the side of the elevator, struggling to keep from throwing up.

"You appear to have left your date in your room sir and then insisted that you go visit Captain Rogers while intoxicated and naked. I did warn you that it was a bad decision, but you refused to heed my warnings," Jarvis said. He sounded a bit huffy, like he was personally insulted by Tony's poor decisions. Tony couldn't hold it against him. In his place, Tony might have felt the same way.

Oh, god – he had left someone upstairs in his bed? And he had been naked in - Steve was going to *kill* him. The only reason he was still alive right now was probably because Steve felt that beating drunks to death was taboo or something. Tony slid down the wall, his skin letting out an ungodly shriek and groaned into his hands. "I'm never going to drink again." He vowed, hanging his head.

Two days later he broke his vow and downed half a bottle of peach schnapps as if it was fruit punch. He had locked himself in his workshop the day before, too afraid to go outside in case he ran into Steve; it wasn't enough. He couldn't stop seeing Steve's angry face, imagining the conversations they were going to have and how much it was going to hurt when Steve finally

managed to corner him. He knew he was being childish; Pepper would have told him to take responsibility for his actions, but really it was much easier to sink to the bottom of a bottle for a while. This would be better; the taste of peaches would see him through the miserable night.

He wasn't sure when it happened, but somehow he had managed to lose his clothing and wander up to Steve's floor again. He had giggled the whole way up, his hand over his mouth at the absurdity of what he was doing; sneaking naked into Steve Rogers bedroom shouldn't have been possible. Some kind of morality barrier should have shot out of the ceiling and fried him where he stood, but there was nothing there to stop him. Even when he slowed down and tried to look for it he couldn't find a thing. Steve's door was open this time, and boy was it easy to navigate in the dark, the glow of his arc reactor more than enough to find his way to Steve's bed. He climbed up onto the mattress on his knees, still giggling hysterically as he leaned over Steve's ear.

Steve flipped him. It happened so fast, Tony barely had time to register that he had been upright to begin with. Steve was heavy against him, his groin pressing against Tony's; his breath came out in puffs, eyes wide and startled as he stared down at Tony pinned beneath him.

Tony waggled his eyebrows, grinning up at Steve. "Why hello there…"

Steve shot backwards as if he had been jolted with electricity. He perched on the edge of the bed, the blanket scrunched up behind his bare feet. Steve let his hand drop to the blanket; his breath snuck out through his nose as if he had just fought off a dragon, or some other creature in single combat.

Tony went up on his elbows, gazing at Steve from his somewhat sideways position. "Are you ok?"

"I'm fine. What are you doing here?" Steve mumbled, wiping sweat off his forehead.

Tony pushed himself upright, pitching forwards into Steve as he tried to balance on the springy mattress; he had offered to buy Steve a better one, but Steve had insisted that he wouldn't put one to waste, even if the thing *was* slightly warped. Tony caught himself on Steve's shoulder with his usual grace, his knees bumping against Steve's when he finally managed to right himself. He let out a yawn and Steve recoiled slightly at the scent of his breath; apparently Steve was not so fond of peach schnapps. Tony shrugged it off, enjoying the feeling of Steve's muscled shoulder underneath his hand. "So, I thought of this awesome adaptation for Clint's armor," he said, grinning foolishly. He couldn't help lying. The words wouldn't come out right. He was supposed to be apologizing, wasn't he? He swore that was what he was supposed to be doing. "I'm going to go into production tomorrow," he lied again, nodding his head as if that might make things better. "Oh - wait." He looked down at himself, unintentionally drawing Steve's wide eyed stare to his groin. "Did you want me to wear something again?" It came out quiet and a little slurred, so he wiped at his face and tried to collect his thoughts.

"That would probably be a good idea," Steve agreed. He didn't move, and instead watched Tony stagger off the dresser with a strange expression on his face.

Tony fought with the handle and managed to get the drawer pulled out. He didn't bother with finesse, swirling his hand amongst the garments until something caught his eye. There, nestled amongst the rest of the folded pairs of underwear was the red white and blue pair he had bought Steve as a joke for Christmas. He stared at them, astonished to see that they had indeed been worn – and frequently if the elastic had anything to say about it. He lifted them up triumphantly, waving them above his head, pleased by his good luck. Steve had liked them! He had done something right for once!

Tony pulled the briefs on, turning in a slow circle to give Steve a better view of how they looked, liking the way they fit. They bulged slightly around the middle, and bulged even more at the front when Tony ran a hand over himself, winking in Steve's direction as he adjusted himself a few more times to try and get the damned elastic to sit properly on his hips. It wasn't impossible, but for some reason he was strangely less dexterous than normal.

Steve gaped. He seemed to catch himself and coughed, looking away, his eyes practically burning holes in the mattress.

Tony flounced back to the bed, pleased with the way Steve's cheeks had gone all pink again. He threw himself down on his side with his hand on his hips. "Alright, so are we good?" Tony yawned.

"I think… yes." Steve nodded, flopping onto the bed on his side.

Steve didn't seem to want to look at Tony for some reason and that was just awful. Maybe he shouldn't be here. He was supposed to be apologizing after all, and this wasn't exactly how he had wanted things to turn out. Of course, his initial apology planning hadn't had him naked in it. Or at least, the foggy one in the back of his mind didn't.

Miraculously, by the time he finally finished figuring out what he wanted to do, Steve had fallen asleep beside him; Tony snuggled closer, digging his fingers into Steve's shirt and prayed for the return of daylight and his common sense.

Three weeks later Tony was pretty sure his liver was going to go on strike and kill him in his sleep if he didn't get a hold of himself. He decided to slowly cut down on the amount of alcohol as the days went by, the liquid courage getting to be, well, frankly a bit of a problem; he hadn't known that it could get this bad. He didn't think about getting a drink at first but then, every once in a while, he would remember Steve's face from the night before, when he did remember what had happened in more than just a complimentary morning after blur, and it was never be quite as pleasant a memory as Tony had wanted it to be. Still, he stuck with it.

It was a slow process, but he managed to quit drinking entirely, not quite going cold turkey.

It went a lot easier when he had Jarvis order Dummy to throw all of the liquor in his lab out; things went even *better* when he limited himself to one bottle for the month. By the time that

worked out, he was pretty sure he was ready to have a proper conversation with Steve, one that would involve feelings and apologies – so many apologies. He hated that Steve kept seeing him that way, drunk and useless and naked. It almost made him want to drink more, to drown out that awful feeling burning a hole in his heart. Instead, he gathered his courage while prodding the neatly folded pile of Steve's pilfered underwear, willing himself to keep it together long enough to get through *one* good conversation. He had been collecting Steve's briefs for some reason, the pile growing ever larger as the nights wore on; each night gave him a new pair to add to the pile. Keeping them hadn't been in the plan, but then again, coming on to his best friend while naked and drunk hadn't been part of it either.

He made his way to Steve's floor and everything was fine. He could do this – no problem. He had faced worse every day of his life as an Avenger. Compared to fighting Doctor Doom, this would be a cakewalk. He raised his hand to knock on the door and froze.

Oh god.

What if Steve said no? What if he didn't want to have this conversation? What if he had only been humoring Tony because Tony was drunk and too out of it to really understand what was going on. He looked around the room, biting his lower lip. Alright. He was a scientist, wasn't he? He would just have to perform a test then to see if he was right. He would strip down, go in there and *not* be drunk. Steve would probably assume he was anyways – he hadn't exactly given Steve a reason to believe otherwise – and then he would know for sure. Tony swallowed painfully, peeling his clothing off and folding it up one garment at a time; he stashed the pile beside the door so he could grab it on his way out in the morning and with a deep breath, heaved opened the door.

He crawled into Steve's bed and then crawled right back out, muttering to himself; Steve rolled over, the creak in the mattress so loud it could have woken half the tower. "Oh, right." He stalked over to the dresser, pulled it open and took out a pair of Steve's briefs, tugging them on. It was slim pickings tonight, but Steve would probably do laundry later so it would be alright. He stumbled back to bed, crawled under the covers and squashed himself against Steve's stomach, eyelids drooping the moment his head hit the solid mass of muscle underneath him. Shit – damn Steve and his warm muscles. He was supposed to be apologizing, not sleeping on the job.

"Tony?"

"Steve…"

"Uh… Are you alright?" Steve asked, fiddling with the corner of the blanket, twirling it around his thumb again and again. Tony burrowed closer, squeezing his eyes shut. He shouldn't have done this – he should have just been an adult and gone in here with his clothing on and his head held high.

What had he been thinking?

Worse yet, Steve couldn't want someone like him – he wasn't some beautiful woman who could give Steve all the kids he wanted. He was a forty something year old man who couldn't even admit to his own age; he was getting grey hairs for Pete's sake. He was getting wrinkles.

He should have just stayed in his room and let things die a slow, unpleasant death. It would have been better that way. He could still do it – he could get up and walk out of the room, gather his clothing and shut himself up in his lab and be done with it. Steve would have his peace and quiet, and Tony could go back to quietly drinking himself to death.

"Tony?" Steve rubbed his palm in a circle between Tony's shoulder blades. "Hey, are you alright? You seem a little… off tonight."

Wait – what? Why was Steve touching him? Wasn't Steve angry with him? Hadn't he just screwed things up beyond repair? He floundered, letting the smooth circles push the self-loathing away one perfect touch at a time. He buried his nose in Steve's abs like they were the most comfortable pillow in the world, inhaling the scent of old spice and musk that was Steve. If this was it, then he was going to remember this smell until the day he died. "I'm fine Steve. Are *you* alright?"

"I'm fine," Steve mumbled back, curling around Tony a little more than he usually would. God, he was so warm, Tony could probably roast marshmallows on him. He nosed at Steve again, sighing to himself. Tony's hand found its way to Steve's hip, finger drumming softly. "So, I was thinking…" Tony murmured, his beard rubbing against Steve's skin even through the fabric of his shirt; Steve shivered, shifting ever-so-slightly beneath him. This was it. He was going to do it. Right now. Ok. Do it Stark – do it! "We should seriously think about getting a second Quinjet. I have the blueprints for a Quinjet II in the works, and I know what you're going to say – why do we need *two* when we have *one* that works just fine, but I think it would just be a good idea to have a more advanced spare – you know, just in case something bad happens to one of them. I mean, we've lost how many to the Savage Lands? It's impractical to build them one at a time. I should probably just put together a production line or something."

Well that wasn't what he had wanted to say at all. Tony bit his lip. Production lines? Quinjets? Again?

"That sounds like a good idea," Steve agreed, thankfully oblivious to Tony's real intentions.

"Alright. So in the morning I'm going to go set that up. Did you want anything specific on each ship? You're pretty much one of the only pilots other than me at the moment, so I mean, do you think there's anything I could improve in it? Any functions bugging you?" Tony asked softly. Oh *goddamnit* – why didn't his brain work? He was a genius! This wasn't supposed to happen to him! He had pitched business deals to thousands of grumpy, completely irrational people and that had been easy! What the hell was wrong with him?

"I haven't noticed anything that needs fixing. The UI is very user friendly – I've never had any problems, and well, if I can learn how to use it I'm sure everyone can when the time comes," Steve yawned.

"Yeah, but you're special," Tony grumbled, smacking Steve on the belly with the flat of his hand. "You pick things up fast. Some of the others don't learn things as quickly as you do."

"Don't let them hear you say that," Steve laughed, ruffling Tony's hair, his fingers thick and gentle against Tony's scalp. Tony could have died happy right then and there. Call the funeral

home – they could bury him alive for all he cared so long as he had this memory here with him until he finally snuffed it.

“This is nice.” Steve shifted, moving closer. His breath was minty and Tony wouldn’t have changed anything for the world.

“It is,” Tony agreed, and promptly passed out.

Tony was tired, oh-so-tired. He leaned his face against the top of the crisper, praying that the milk would drop on him from above and put him out of his misery. He had been working in the lab for almost three days and he didn’t seem to be able to see straight anymore. Someone approached from behind, but Tony was too tired to bother turning around to see who it was. He grabbed for the last bottle of Happy Planet Extreme Green, twisting the top off; one sip was more than enough to give him the energy to turn around on his heels to see who was now tapping their foot. He hiked his sweatpants back up, noticing that they had decided to try and find their way to the floor all on their own.

And of *course* it was Steve standing behind him. He stood towering over Tony, a frown on his face that seemed to stretch a mile wide. “Hey,” Tony mumbled, scratching at his beard with fingers that he only later realized were covered in grease. *Fantastic*; now he was had a secondary grease moustache. He managed to stand up, bottle in his hand, without spilling a single drop and silently applauded himself. Steve continued to tap his foot, the frown morphing into something a little softer as he took in Tony’s appearance. Tony knew what Steve was seeing; he had caught sight of it himself when he had passed by the hallway mirror and boy did it not look good. He might have just walked off the set of the Night of The Living Dead; the bags under his eyes had bags of their own, and his hair was greasy and flat against his head. Well, he reasoned, that was bound to happen when you didn’t stop working for three days. It could have been worse.

“What?” Tony grunted. He was far too exhausted to want a conversation even if it was with Steve; all he could think about was that he had a nice warm shower to curl up in and a bed to wash himself off with. Wait. No. That didn’t sound right but he could deal with that when he got there. He scuttled towards the hallway, intending to duck out of Steve’s way. But Steve, being the clever man he was, managed to get a hold of him. Tony reluctantly slowed to a crawl letting Steve gently reel him in. “I take it we’re going to have some kind of conversation? Can this wait until I’ve had some sleep? I’m really pooped here Steve. I was in the lab for almost thirty two hours – right Jarvis?” Tony sighed, sagging in Steve’s grasp.

“I believe you have forgotten a few hours sir. At last count you have been awake for sixty seven hours and seventeen seconds.” Jarvis said, sounding to Tony’s surprise, a tad miffed.

“See?” Tony pointed up at the ceiling, his finger trembling. “He knows what I’m talking about. I’m tired!”

Steve sighed and let Tony go, smoothing down Tony's unruly hair. "Never mind. It's fine," He said, starting back towards the fridge as Tony drifted sideways towards the counter. "If you need me I'll be at the mall."

"Why are you going to the mall?" Tony asked, struggling to keep his eyes open.

"I have to go buy new underwear. Mine's all gone," Steve grumbled, fishing the milk out from behind a bottle of Thor's ridiculously sweet orange soda. He stood on his tip-toes and snatched a box of cereal from where it had been hidden; pouring himself a bowl of milk and sugary cereal that would probably put a normal person into a diabetic coma. He crunched his cereal, sitting down at the table and then raised an eyebrow when he noticed that Tony hadn't deserted him for sleep.

Tony paled. He gnawed on his lower lip, sawing his teeth back and forth, fingers tap-tap-tapping on the counter beside him. "You don't have to go buy any more," He said finally, shuffling his feet.

"I don't?"

"I'll bring them down."

"What are you talking about?" Steve said. He swallowed a mouthful of cereal and dug in again, scooping up a new pile of sugary death; he must have been desperate for quick calories, because Steve almost never ate Clint's cereal. Tony hung his head.

"Steve…"

"What?"

"Stop it. You know as well as I do that I've been borrowing your panties for the past month and a half. You know where your panties are." Tony sighed. "I'll bring the pile down, alright? Just give me some time to throw them into the laundry, alright? Unless of course you don't want them back – I mean, I've been uh… wearing them. Actually, you know what? I'm just going to go ahead and buy you all new ones, ok? This is weird – yep. Definitely weird. Ok, nice job Tony – way to weird Steve out first thing in the morning," Tony chugged the rest of his juice, letting out a gasp as he finished.

"Well I did lend them to you," Steve shrugged. "It's not like I didn't think you'd be wearing them. And it's not exactly as if you've been sneaking into my room and stealing them for nefarious purposes."

"I'll buy you new ones," Tony insisted. "Nice ones – not the garbage ones."

"It's fine. I don't mind sharing them," Steve said. He paused and cleared his throat. He shifted in his seat, settling his hands in his lap as he dropped his now empty bowl off on the table. Tony squinted at him, unsure of what to say. He had been hording and collecting his friend's underwear for almost a month now and Steve 'didn't mind sharing them?' Was he hearing this right, or was he just losing his mind slowly? He was exhausted, sure, but that shouldn't have made him go *insane*. Would it? He frowned, looking down at his thumb which

had taken on a rather gray lustre from all the grease and soot he had been working with in the lab. Could he be hallucinating? He was sorely tempted to ask Jarvis for confirmation, but the thought of Steve looking at him in surprise was too much. God he needed to go lay down before he did something really embarrassing; it was bad enough that he had put off this conversation for so long, but now Steve was – oh god. Steve was *looking* at him. *Looking* looking – not that casual staring thing he usually did when he was trying to figure out what the hell Tony was going on about in the lab or during galas. This was *real* looking – peer into your soul looking. He supressed a shiver, letting his gaze drop, hoping that Steve wasn't seeing what was really inside him. The last thing he needed now was for Steve to see the lust and love bubbling just underneath the surface. He didn't think he could deal with that right now, let alone later on when he was more rested. Maybe he should just head out on a fake vacation – take some time off and lurk in his lab in Malibu until the whole thing blew over. It was just a couple of pairs of underwear, right? It couldn't be that bad.

"Steve – seriously, it's not a big deal. I'll buy you new ones. It's not like I don't have the money. I don't want you to worry about catching pantie-cooties or something." Tony hung his head, trying not to look ashamed of himself. When he looked up again he forced a grin on his face. "I should have just brought them back the first time but… I don't know. I guess they were just…"

"Tony. It's fine. I'm not worried about catching cooties." Steve smiled at him, genuinely smiled and Tony damn near dropped his drink on the floor out of shock. "I don't mind sharing them with you. I'll get some more from the store. I've been meaning to get new ones."

"You have?" Tony said in a very small voice, one he almost didn't recognize as his own. Why was this hurting so much? It was just *underwear* – just a little bit of purloined panties stashed in his bedroom and – oh god he thought as his brain finally caught up with him, letting itself off at the nearest station. *Oh god, oh god oh god* – sweet baby Einstein, he was stashing Steve's panties in his room and he had a goddamned *pile* of them – and oh *god*! He was calling Steve's panties *panties*! Why was he calling them *panties*? They were manly-man briefs! He was calling Captain America's underwear panties. Oh god. He needed a drink, wanted one badly enough that he almost made a break for the liquor cabinet before Steve began to speak again.

"I wanted some more – you know, extras in case the other ones wore out," Steve corrected quickly, seeming to notice Tony's distress. "I kind of felt bad that you got stuck with the older ones actually. They're kind of threadbare at this point. You know me. I never throw anything out."

"Uh… alright." Tony floundered, his mind swimming with images of panties, coffee cups and Steve's disproving stare. He shook his head, pinching the bridge of his nose. "I'll wash them and get them back to you. I'm going to go now," He said, slowly backing out of the room with the drink bottle held tightly in his hand. "I'm going to lie down. I think I need to lie down."

Steve didn't try to stop him, but Tony did hear the sound of a chair being pushed back, the scraping noise almost like a roar in his sleep addled state. He made it as far as the couch before sleep finally caught up with him, dragging him down into its dark, welcoming embrace.

He woke up swaddled in familiar blankets, the mattress squealing away as he rolled over and peered forlornly around the room. Somehow he had ended up in Steve's bed again. He was pretty sure he hadn't meant to be here, but here he was despite his best intentions. It was comfortable here; he gave it that much. He could have closed his eyes and drifted off again in a matter of minutes, but instead forced himself upright, peering around the room for any sign of the room's usual Super Soldier occupant. Steve was nowhere to be found, the room still and quiet. Tony felt around on the mattress but could find no warm spot, no sign that Steve had stayed around any longer than to just dump Tony off and wrap him up in blankets to keep him from freezing to death in his meat-locker of a room.

His stomach rumbled in protest when he broke free from the blankets, padding cautiously to the bathroom; nothing here either, not even any foam in the sink from Steve brushing his teeth or shaving. Tony let out a loud despairing sigh as he emptied his bladder. Well, at least Steve hadn't stuck a post-it to his head or something telling him to go eat worms. There was that. He flushed and washed his hands before creeping out the door, his head hanging low.

"Sir?" Jarvis asked, sounding concerned. "Are you in need of assistance? May I call Captain Rogers for you?"

Tony stiffened, nearly stubbing his toe on the door jamb. "No. No Steve. I have things to do. Important things."

"Are you sure sir?"

"I've got some laundry to do and it's not going to do itself." Tony scowled.

Tony had done laundry before in the big washing machine, but it had always seemed like a waste of electricity. Well, actually he had stood around and watched Mrs. Arbogast and Jarvis do laundry but he was pretty sure that it counted on some level. They had taught him enough to know how to use cold water and to presoak stains; he wasn't a complete idiot about it. Not that Steve's panties were stained of course. He had washed them all weeks before; each pair diligently cared for and pampered with the best detergent money could buy. The machine he had built for them had probably set him back a few grand, but it kept Steve's panties from stretching out and disintegrating in the wash. A few of the pairs really were old, likely having survived from Steve's early days after waking up in SHIELD. It had felt wrong to wash them

like regular laundry; they were Steve's, not his, and he couldn't just replace them if the machine ate them up.

Tony scowled at the towering pile of underwear in front of him; each pair was folded into a little square, not a wrinkle in the lot of them. He had programmed the machine to iron them out, sure that Steve would appreciate the forethought.

Well, he thought, it was time to face the music. He put the pile into a plastic basket and started for the elevator, secretly hoping that Steve wouldn't be around to see him return them.

Steve was waiting in his living room eating from a box of take-out; just Tony's luck too, to run into Steve three seconds after stepping out of the elevator. Steve waved at him with a pair of chopsticks, noodles hanging from his lower lip, a quaint dribble of sauce on his chin. Tony nearly had a stroke, the urge to lick that spot away almost overpowering his better judgement. He was pretty pleased with himself when he managed to keep from going head over heel into the coffee table; the underwear, however wasn't quite so lucky. He clipped the arm of the couch with the basket and then there was underwear flying everywhere, hitting Steve in the face, attaching to the ceiling fan and to Tony's extreme horror, colliding with the boxes of take-out on the table.

"I'd ask what you've been up to," Steve said dryly, plucking the pair of rogue underwear off of his head, "but I'm pretty sure I know."

Tony scowled, bending down to scoop up what hadn't ended up in Steve's dinner. "They were clean a minute ago." He dropped them into the basket and then started for the ones on the table, wondering how the hell he was going to get the ones off the ceiling fan without killing himself on a step ladder; he had designed the place from scratch, but somehow he hadn't imagined the need for a self-lowering ceiling fan. He could use the suit of course. He wasn't above using it if it meant getting his mess cleaned up and him out of here in ten seconds flat. The windows were replaceable; he had spares sitting down in the basement floor and the glass wasn't that expensive considering he had all the sizes on file. And look at that, it was nice enough outside for a few hours of flight.

"That's ok. Don't worry about it. Here," Steve grabbed a hold of Tony's arm and plucked the basket from his hands even as Tony started to protest, replacing it with one of the closed boxes of take-out. He set the laundry down and shoved it away with his foot, pushing a pair of chopsticks still wrapped in paper to Tony. "Eat. Jarvis said that you haven't even had breakfast."

"Jarvis is a dirty liar," Tony grumbled, cracking open the box. He wasn't going to turn down free food; it was still warm too, still steamy and delicious. He dug into the lemon chicken with a zealousness that surprised even him, choking down half the box before he realized that Steve might have wanted a few pieces. "You want some?" He mumbled through the mouthful he hadn't managed to swallow. Steve smiled again, that same goofy one as before and shook his head. "There's more on the table. I took the liberty of getting what you like, seeing as how you've been sleeping for three days straight."

Tony nearly choked on his next bite. “What?”

Steve raised an eyebrow, clearly trying not to laugh. Tony was not nearly as amused. “I’ve been asleep for three days?”

“Yep.”

“And what, no one bothered to wake me up?” Tony snapped in irritation. “You guys just let me sleep the entire time? I have deadlines Steve, important business meetings – things I’m not supposed to miss. Jesus, Pepper’s going to skin me alive.” He slammed the take-out on the coffee table, angry at everyone – himself, at Steve – at Jarvis. Why hadn’t anyone told him anything?

Steve’s steady hand on his shoulder startled Tony clean out of his rage. “It’s alright. I talked with Pepper and we rearranged you schedule. You’ve got nothing for the rest of the week. Everyone was more than happy to accommodate the changes – Pepper said something about threatening them all with castration. I’m hoping,” he gave Tony’s shoulder a slight squeeze, “that she’s kidding, but from the look on her face I think she actually would do it if they pushed.”

“Oh,” Tony said, feeling like a bit of an ass. No, that was an understatement. He felt like the world’s *biggest* ass. Here he was sitting on Steve’s couch, ready to apologize for the petty theft and public nudity he had been exposing Steve to (no pun intended) and he couldn’t even manage to do *that* right. Steve had just been trying to make sure he got some proper sleep for once. Pepper had been right to leave him like she had. He wasn’t a good person – at all. He hung his head, shame-faced. He wished that he could take the past few minutes back. “Sorry,” He said instead, pulling on his patented Tony Stark Smirk, sure that Steve was going to tell him to get the hell out. “I guess you’re off the hook then.”

“Apology accepted. Now, eat. You still look like you’re hungry,” Steve said, turning back to his own food as if nothing had happened. It was a blessing really; Steve Rogers was a sweetheart. Soon there was a carton of noodles stuffed into Tony’s hand and an overenthusiastic Steve shoveling bits of crispy wonton into his mouth one piece at a time, as if Tony hadn’t ever had this kind of food before.

“Feeling better?” Steve asked once they were done, having demolished the last of the food with little to no effort. They had probably downed a few thousand calories between them, and Tony highly doubted that Steve would gain a pound from their crude eating habits; the lucky bastard. He prodded himself in the gut, sighing at the spare tire that would be slowly forming there. If there was one thing he hated about getting older it was that weight didn’t come off as quickly as it once had; he could dye away the grey, but his gut was a different story. He could work out for hours and it would probably still stay there, stubbornly renting the space around his belly. Pepper had always harped on about all the booze making him fat and he had brushed her off, knowing that she was right before she had even pointed it out in the first place; contrary to popular belief, he did actually know biology, although he didn’t know it as well as he did everything else.

“I guess,” Tony shrugged, still eyeing his bellybutton as if glaring at it might make his gut behave itself. He didn’t feel like ripping anyone’s head off anymore, so that was probably a

good sign. Maybe this conversation would end better than he had thought.

“Let’s clean up and get some sleep then.” Steve stood up and began clearing the mess up, casually tossing a pair of underwear that they had missed into the basket; he even had the nerve to hum to himself as he did it too. Tony followed along, his limbs and body too content to do much more than offer up a token protest in response to getting up. He made to leave, intending to skulk back to his lonely bedroom upstairs and sagged gratefully into Steve’s side as an arm wrapped around him, leading him towards the bedroom.

“Are we really doing this?” Tony asked as they stumbled towards the bed, Steve practically carrying Tony the last few feet; he wouldn’t admit to it later, but the prospect of being hefted over Steve’s burly shoulders would have kept him warm on any cold night.

“Of course,” Steve said, gently helping Tony undress, smoothing his hand over Tony’s belly. “We do this all the time, right?”

“But I’m *sober*,” Tony sighed, running a hand through his hair. He looked up when he noticed that Steve had stopped and took in the pained expression on Steve’s face, instantly feeling a guilty flush spring up on his cheeks. “I didn’t mean it like that. I mean – you only put up with it when I’m drunk.”

“What?”

“I mean – I’m usually drunk. When I’m here.” Tony waved a hand, as if that might actually be helpful. Steve just blinked at him, his face carefully devoid of emotion. Tony heaved a sigh, pulling his shirt over his head. “Never mind. It’s fine. Hand me a pair, will you?”

Steve stood up slowly. “Are you sure? I mean, you don’t have to stay if you don’t want to.”

“Steve,” Tony snorted, tossing his shirt over his shoulder as he got to work on his pants, “if I didn’t want to be here, I wouldn’t be here.”

“Alright.”

Steve opened the top drawer and pulled something out, tossing it to Tony; it was a little harder to catch than it normally was. Of course, that would be because the underwear he had just been thrown was a red silky thong – one that, oh yeah – was just right. Tony stared in disbelief at the tag. It was in his size. Steve had bought underwear in Tony’s size. Steve knew Tony’s waist size. He looked up slowly, gnawing on his lower lip to keep from doing something completely lewd with the thong in his hands; he was tempted to rub them against his face just to see what Steve would do.

“Maybe these ones you’ll bring back,” Steve smirked shuffling his way back to the bed, a hint of glee in his eyes. Tony set the thong down on his knee and got to work on his socks, as if he hadn’t just been handed a red thong by Captain America. Steve started to get dressed on his side of the bed – and how weird was that? Steve had a side of the bed. Tony – had a side of the bed.

Tony's fingers felt like clumsy, useless little stumps sewed to his hand. He glared at them and wrestled his sock off, tackling his underwear with his back to Steve. He watched Steve out of the corner of his eye, hooking a finger under the elastic of his plain boxer briefs, dragging them down ever so slowly. The smirk on Steve's face was suddenly gone, his eyes glazed over as Tony kicked the underwear away; they had been the last pair of Steve's that he had swiped, a keepsake he had intended to hide. That didn't really matter now. He made a show of bending over, stepping into the thong as if they were just another piece of clothing he might wear to a board meeting – and boy, wasn't that a nice thought. He could wear these puppies then; the fabric would be so light against his skin. He tugged the thong up into place, adjusting himself when he realized that he had given himself a hard on.

"Tony?" Steve's voice was hoarse. Tony turned slowly, a hand on his hip. "Yep?"

"I…" Steve swallowed, obviously trying hard not to look Tony over from top to bottom. The gaze was electrifying; the way Steve's cheeks went bright red the most beautiful sight Tony had seen in years. "Something wrong?" He asked Steve once he was sure Steve had had enough of a look. He crawled into bed laboriously, dragging it out far longer than necessary just to see what Steve would do. Steve shook his head rapidly, his golden hair flapping violently. "No – no I'm fine." To Tony's surprise, Steve rolled over and stared at the wall.

"You don't like them?" Tony chuckled, scooting across the mattress. He was close enough to touch Steve now, but didn't, the teasing more than enough to satisfy him.

"They're alright." Steve said, pulling the blanket up around his shoulders; if he held on to them any harder they would have been nothing more than shreds. Tony was impressed with the self-control, amused by the way the back of Steve's neck had gone strawberry red. "They're alright, right? I mean, you were joking about them being my panties and all, so I just thought…" Steve mumbled.

"Oh yeah. They're *very* alright," Tony agreed, tracing a circle between Steve's shoulder blades with his finger. "Very alright."

"Ok. That's good. Alright – good night," Steve stuttered quickly. "Jarvis, can you get the lights please?"

The lights dropped; Tony rested his head on the pillow, wondering if he should make a move. He stared at the back of Steve's head, still tracing idle circles as Steve shivered from his touch.

Well this was new. This was *very* new – and he always had liked to play with new things.

"Night Steve," Tony said cheerfully, smirking to himself in the dark.

Tony didn't return the thong the next morning; it wasn't really an option as far as Tony saw it. He wore it while he worked in his lab at SI, and was hard as a rock the entire day. His mind

kept going back to Steve and what Steve might do if he found out about what he had done. The thong fit like a glove; a sexy little glove that was barely there, a sweet scrap of fabric that held him so *tight*. He swallowed down a burning mouthful of coffee as one of the QA rookies blathered on about standard procedure and inspection in the Thailand plants, as if Tony wouldn't already know the details. The poor guy seemed to be under the impression that he was the only one system access; it was sweet, in a kind of dopey way. Tony nodded along, tried not to adjust himself too frequently and signed all the papers they wanted him to sign without a single protest. He was pretty sure Pepper knew something was up. She didn't say anything, but the look on her face could have melted glass.

It felt like the longest day of Tony's life. By the time he got home he was ready to burst into flames. The friction of the silk against his groin was so delicious he had a hard time keeping his hands to himself. Of course he had restrained himself in time to keep from doing something horribly embarrassing; that was a given. Jerking off in the elevator at SI wasn't the brightest idea, and he highly doubted that Pepper would have appreciated him rubbing one off in the backseat of the car as she prattled on about the next round of board meetings; Happy wouldn't have been too pleased about it either, but he had seen Tony do worse, so it wasn't as if anything Tony did *now* would surprise him. Tony had been *kind* enough to restrain himself so many times today. Happy had been kind enough to not roll his eyes at him the entire ride home.

He made it up to the communal kitchen and decided to grab himself something to eat before hitting the shower and taking care of business. The fridge door was plastered with pictures likely drawn by the youngest member of someone's fan club. It was probably Steve's if the subject matter had something to say about it; usually Tony would insist that they get taken down because this was a kitchen, not a daycare centre, but at the moment he could have cared less about the crude crayon drawings. As long as they didn't get between him and whatever he could scrounge from the lunch leftovers, they would be safe from the trashcan. He threw open the door and spied the most beautiful thing he had seen in the fridge in ages – a new box of deep dish pizza. Today was a good day. He wiggled his fingers, leaning forwards to snatch the box up before someone could steal it away –

There was a hand on his ass; a very big warm hand now casually perusing the curve of his left butt cheek. He cleared his throat, hand still clamped onto the box. "Uh… do you mind? Whoever you are, I'm trying to grab some food here. I mean, I know my ass is nice and all, but…"

The hand didn't mind. It didn't mind at all. In fact, it continued with its examination, moving on to the other cheek, tracing the firm edge of the thong underneath Tony's dress pants as if it was brail. Tony flushed, letting the pizza box drop.

"You're still wearing them," Steve said, his voice a breathy whisper. Tony swallowed hard as the cold of the fridge seeped through his thin dress shirt; his nipples went rock hard, his cock twitching in his pants as Steve murmured his name again. The hand stroking Tony's ass moving upwards, settling on Tony's hip, working its way up underneath his once crisp white dress shirt where it began to trace along his spine. "Jesus… Tony…" Steve's breath was hot against the back of Tony's neck, his body pressed so close there wasn't an inch of spare between them anymore. Tony wouldn't have had it any other way. He leaned against the

fridge door, praying that the thing wouldn't rip off its hinges as he twisted to get closer to Steve. He was fairly confident that he could manage some wooing right now, even on an empty stomach. Steve began to press kisses to his neck, each one accented with a little nip. Sure – wooing. He was wooing? Or was Steve doing the wooing? Oh well. What did it matter?

"Steve…" Tony moaned, pushing his ass backwards into Steve's groin. There wasn't much time for friction, which was probably a good thing because otherwise Tony might have come in his pants right then and there. Steve lifted Tony up; hip checked the fridge door to close it and then headed off to his bedroom with Tony hanging off of him in a semi-awkward embrace, trying desperately to get his lips on Steve's. It was hard work. With Steve piloting, he couldn't exactly move around too much but that didn't mean he couldn't enjoy himself. He rutted against Steve's hip, groaning into Steve's neck as Steve's fingers dug into the meat of his ass. He was vaguely aware that he kept saying Steve's name over and over again and dismissed it, focusing on the taste of chocolate on Steve's lips.

The rest of the trip was a blur of blonde hair, blue eyes and hands that just wouldn't stop squeezing him. Tony grinned against Steve's mouth as Steve stripped him down to nothing but the thong with military-like precision. He didn't rip Tony's clothes, although a few buttons from the shirt were going to be finding themselves a new home assuming someone could find them. There was an almost tender look in Steve's eyes as he stripped Tony out of his pants, his fingers pausing, hovering over top of the thong that was busy growing itself a nice new wet spot.

"I…" Steve ran his thumb over the tip of Tony's cock which had finally decided to poke its head out from the top of the thong, making a break for freedom. "Is this alright?" He sounded lost, like he thought Tony might say no all of a sudden.

"Yes – god yes. Please. Touch me Steve," Tony groaned, lifting his hips up so that Steve could delicately pull the thong down. Tony wasn't sure who was being teased more by then, him or Steve; the hours and hours spent daydreaming about this replayed over and over in Tony's mind as Steve made good on every filthy vision. When Steve worked the thong down to Tony's feet he was bright red in the face, his pupils blown so wide there was almost no blue there to see; if Tony hadn't known better, he might have thought Steve was high on painkillers or some other absurd thing, but no. This was Steve in *lust* – Steve out of one of Tony's naughtiest wet dreams.

Steve folded the thong up neatly, set it down on the pillow beside Tony's head and then was on Tony like a bear on honey, his hands and lips everywhere. Tony pushed at Steve's shirt, wanting it up and off and just plain gone. He tugged at Steve's khaki's desperately, fumbling with the fly until Steve pushed his hands away and ripped the damned things off in one move, taking his underwear with it.

"Tony…" Steve groaned, pinning Tony to the bed with his bulk. There had been a part of Tony that hadn't remembered this about Steve, the raw power so carefully contained within his skin and bones. He leaned up into Steve's touch. "I love your hands," Tony whispered into Steve's ear, "I love your hands so much."

Steve shifted, pushing Tony's legs apart with a firm hand to the thigh. "I can't believe we waited so long," He grunted, getting his hand around Tony's dripping cock. Tony cried out as Steve stroked him fierce and rough, throwing his head back when Steve decided his mouth over his clavicle, trailing over the bone with his tongue. It had never been like this before – never this intense with any of his other lovers. Maybe it was because he had never had to wait before. Things like this had always just happened and now…

"God – can I? Can I blow you?" Steve murmured as he kissed his way up Tony's neck; he sucked greedily there as Tony writhed beneath him, the engineer's hips thrusting shamelessly into Steve's hand. "Whatever you want Steve. Whatever you want baby," Tony chanted, regretting the words momentarily because Steve moved away. The tongue on his cock more than made up for it though; there wasn't a single second of that wet, sloppy blow job that was bad, and as he stared down at Steve's face looking at those beautiful pink lips wrapped around his cock, he wondered who the hell had taught Captain America how to blow a man halfway out of his mind; whoever it was deserved a medal and an all expensive paid trip to Maui.

He had to tug at Steve's hair to get his attention, the wet pop that sounded as Steve pulling off almost throwing him over the edge. Tony's balls ached like nobody's business and he let out a shaky breath, running his fingers through the hair he had captured to calm himself down. Steve looked up at him questioningly, his lips slick with saliva and pre-cum.

"Did you… did you want to fuck me? Or me to fuck you? Or whatever – *anything*?" Tony grunted, squeezing his eyes shut to try and regain some control; it wouldn't do to just come without giving Steve something in return, and he really wanted to give Steve a night to enjoy. He sucked in another shaky breath and opened his eyes, seeing a mischievous smile on Steve's face. "I wouldn't mind if you wanted to fuck me," Steve said, leaning forwards to press his cock against Tony's leg. "I mean, if you want to that is."

"Fuck yes," Tony said, his throat going dryer than the desert. How he had dreamed to hear those words said aloud. He coughed and sat up, looking frantically around the room for lube. Steve chuckled and reached under the pillow, pulling out a tube of chocolate cinnamon lube which had been hidden away. Tony goggled at him, shocked that what he had been looking for had been there all along; part of his mind remembered the taste of chocolate on Steve's lips too, and he nearly gave himself a nosebleed from the stress of controlling himself.

"Has that – has that always been there?" He asked.

"Yes. It's been there since I moved in."

It had been here since Steve had moved in? That meant… every night he had crawled in here drunk out of his mind, naked as a jaybird, Steve had been hiding lube a foot away from his *ear*. He wanted to laugh but instead growled and lunged forwards, his momentum enough knock Steve on his back. He pinned Steve down, pinching one of Steve's nipples hard enough to earn a little squeal of pleasure and took the lube from the soldier's hands.

"Have you done this before?" Tony asked, pouring a generous amount into his hand as he slicked up his fingers.

“Yes,” Steve nodded vigorously. “I practiced. A lot. And I have a thing.” Steve’s face went impossibly pinker as he shot a look at his dresser, the bottom drawer still open half an inch.

Tony raised an eyebrow. “You have a *what* now?”

“I have a… *toy*,” Steve said, clearing his throat. “Jarvis helped me order it a while back.”

“Oh this I have got to see,” Tony grinned; Steve’s legs came up in an instant and themselves wrapped around his waist, keeping Tony trapped on the bed. Tony steadied himself with a lube sticky hand on Steve’s belly, nearly squashing Steve’s cock as he kept from falling over. “Whoa there!”

“You can’t see it. That’s *private*,” Steve said rather primly, sitting up slightly to keep Tony from attempting another ill-advised dive for the drawer.

“Alright, alright. If you don’t want to share, you don’t *have* to,” Tony pouted. He stole a kiss and rolled his hips, making Steve gasp in surprise. “I’m totally alright with not knowing. After all, I can just *imagine* what it is in there and amuse myself that way. For all I know, you’ve got some kinky shit in that drawer Rogers.”

Steve snorted. “I highly doubt it’s kinky by *anyone’s* standards.”

Tony smirked, giving his hips another wiggle. Steve’s eyes crossed. “I don’t know Steve,” He breathed, slipping his hand underneath Steve’s thigh, tapping his way closer to Steve’s clenched hole, each sticky fingerprint causing Steve to twitch in anticipation. “I don’t think I really mind either way.” He pressed a finger in, thinking that he would find Steve tight like a vice; to his surprise, Steve was loose and wet. He slid a second finger in, clicking his tongue in disappointment. “Well at least I know what you were doing today while I was at *work*.”

Steve grunted, pushing down on Tony’s nimble fingers, breathing heavily through his nose. “Do that again,” He gasped as Tony began to twist his fingers inside him. Tony did, pushing a third finger in past the knuckle at the same time, enjoying the feel of Steve’s body around him. The warmth was something Tony committed to memory, the fact that the slick hole was ready for him as if at a moment’s notice almost more than his brain could handle; he could get used to this, if Steve let him. He pulled his fingers out wiping them idly on Steve’s hip, and suddenly felt cautious. “So how do you want this then? With a condom? Without? I’m clean and I’m guessing you are too, right?” He felt stupid asking, as if putting the words out there might make Steve reconsider, but he would never risk hurting Steve. The mere thought of it was enough to make him lose his composure. Why was Steve even letting him do this anyway? Was he being controlled by the Purple Man? Wait – no. *God no*. He was not thinking about that son-of-a-bitch while in bed with a big, burly super soldier who was ready to go. There was no one in the super villain underworld that would *ever* want to know that Steve Rogers and Tony Stark were bumping uglies; there was mental scarring, and then there was *mental scarring*.

“Tony?”

“Yeah?” Tony sighed, giving his head a shake. He trusted Steve. If this was what Steve wanted, this was what Steve wanted. Second guessing himself now was pointless. Besides,

this was what he wanted too.

Steve nodded over and over, letting his legs go lax. He hooked his hands under his knees and lifted himself up, letting Tony slip a pillow beneath his hips. “Whatever you want Tony. I can’t get anything, and I can’t give it. Super Serum, remember?” He sounded a little smarmy, so Tony took a moment to rub at his cock, making him huff out a breath as he tried not to groan.

“Alright. Hand me a condom then.” Tony smirked as Steve pulled a foil packet out from under his pillow. The smirk faltered when he saw Steve’s grumpy expression. He took the condom from Steve, pausing to caress Steve’s hand. “It’s less messy this way. I wouldn’t want you waking up in the middle of the night with something dripping down your leg the first time after.”

Steve rolled his eyes, squeezing Tony’s fingers. “I don’t mind you know. If it’s yours, I mean.” He looked away, as if that was too much for him to say; Tony leaned down and kissed him, nestling between Steve’s knees. “You say the *sweetest* things.”

Steve smiled, lifting his legs up to bracket Tony’s ribs. “Yeah?”

“Yeah,” Tony confirmed, giving Steve a quick little kiss. “You really do.” He made short work of the condom and then lined up, pressing in as he watched Steve’s face for pain. Steve’s eyelids fluttered the deeper Tony pushed in. “Oh…” Steve said, his fingers twitching.

“You alright down there?” Tony grunted, slowing just to see the look of supreme concentration on Steve’s face vanish, replaced by pleasure. He gently started to thrust, watching Steve’s mouth fall open as each move sent him further and further inside Steve’s body. Steve started all out whining, clenching his knees against Tony’s sides. “Harder – please. Oh… *please*.”

Tony obliged; he rolled his hips, moving as fast and hard as he dared. Steve’s ankles thudded dully against Tony’s sides, spurring him on. He watched a trickle of sweat slide down Steve’s sculpted pecs and found himself absolutely mesmerized. Steve almost never broke a sweat, even when he was working out or punching his heavy bag to death. He thrust harder. Steve began to moan louder, the slap of flesh on flesh almost drowned out entirely by his noises.

They finished soon after, both too keyed up to last. Tony dropped the condom into the trashcan beside Steve’s bed and helped himself to a few wet wipes which Steve had hidden covertly under the bed behind a box of sketchbooks. He wiped the both of them down, feeling distinctly satisfied by the sweatiness to Steve’s hair and laxness of Steve’s body. Steve smiled at him and pulled him closer, his big hands tugging Tony into place as easily as they might lift a tank. Tony could help but smile into Steve’s chest.

Tony woke to an empty bed.

He stared at Steve's pillow, something twisting in his chest and then sat up while working the kinks out of his stiff muscles, trying not to think about what it meant to wake up alone.

"Sir?" Jarvis said, seeming to notice Tony's sorrow. Tony wrapped the blankets around his shoulders and lay back down, staring out the window as misery made short work of his heart. He would have to take some time off after he got his nerve back, maybe spend a few days locked up in the lab like a shut-in again. Pepper wouldn't appreciate it, but she would understand one way or another. "Yeah Jarvis?"

"Captain Rogers left a message for you sir. He was called by SHIELD at 6 a.m. because they needed him to identify someone they found in a cryochamber left over from the Red Room's operational days. He has been gone three hours and says that he will be home in thirty minutes as traffic is slowing him down. If I may say sir, I believe he was distressed when he left the message."

Tony lifted his head, turning to face the doorway; he was surprised to see that Steve had left the door open seeing as how Steve seemed to be paranoid about keeping it shut. "Is he alright?"

"His vital signs are running higher than normal sir, but they are within adequate ranges. Would you like me to inform you when he arrives home?"

"Yeah," Tony said, sitting up. He ran his hand over his beard, grumbling to himself when he found a sticky patch. "I'm going to take a shower."

The shower was nice; the hot water something that felt almost mythical, as if he had never been near it before. So many hours spent fiddling with work washed themselves away as he rubbed a handful of shampoo through his sweaty hair; he smiled when he realized that this was Steve's shampoo, and that he would be likely coming out of the shower smelling just like Steve. His cock twitched at the thought and he gave it a glare, his attention still on the shower. He wasn't going to give himself a hand right now, not with Steve thirty minutes away. At his age, it might take a few hours to get it up again and he didn't want to lose that time because of a lousy shower induced hard on.

"Captain Rogers is home sir."

"Thanks." He shut the water off and stepped out of the shower stall, taking a peek first to make sure there were no spiders around; it was an irritating habit, but he hadn't been able to let it go even after his spider-broom had gone the way of the dodo. Even Jarvis couldn't alleviate his fears, and he had the entire tower visible through security cameras; Tony hated being so irrationally afraid. He was glad that Steve was so nice about it. Steve put up with way too much crap some days.

Tony snagged a fresh towel off the pile Steve left on his counter and wiped himself down before hanging it back up again to dry off. He smiled at it. It looked nice there hanging out with Steve's towel. Looked like it was at home, too; he scampered out of the bathroom to Steve's dresser, feeling giddy with excitement. He smirked at the large selection of thongs

Steve had gotten his hands on, wondering how Steve had gotten them home. Had he gone to a store, or special ordered them with Jarvis' help? He opened his mouth to ask and then shut it. Some secrets he didn't need to know after all. Besides, Steve would probably explain and then he would get all the gory details and everything instead of just the receipts. He snagged a rainbow coloured thong and pulled it on, taking a moment to appreciate the silk. He pulled on his pants from the night before, slinging on his shirt as an afterthought although he didn't bother buttoning it up. If Steve was in the mood, they might be getting naked again, and he didn't want that taking any longer than necessary.

Steve wasn't sitting on the couch when Tony emerged from the bedroom. He was sitting at the dining room table poring over a file that looked like it had seen better days. He didn't look up when Tony approached, his brow furrowed as an unpleasant frown made its way across his lips. It was a little like looking at Steve through a fun house mirror, all odd angles and off putting from a distance. Up close, however, Tony could tell why Steve looked the way he did; he looked like he was trying not to cry, and that was so many levels of hell no in Tony's book.

"Hey," Tony squeezed the back of Steve's neck, pressing a kiss to the side of his temple. Steve let out a loud sigh, leaning into Tony's touch. "Hey. Sorry about leaving. I wanted to be there when you woke up, but I figured you wouldn't appreciate being woken up in the middle of the morning just to see me off."

"I'd have gone with you," Tony grumbled, pulling up a chair so that they could sit face to face.

"I don't think I would have let you to be honest," Steve said, glaring down at the file again as if it had suddenly started swearing at him. "I didn't even want to be there."

"Who was it?" Tony leaned against the table, resting his chin in his hand. "Somebody important?"

"They think it's Bucky," Steve said. His lips curled comically at the corners as if he had just told the best joke of the year; Tony couldn't see what was funny about it. He knew all about Bucky, every sordid detail written out in times new roman in paragraph after paragraph of SHIELD personal databank files. If it had been Rhodey lost like Bucky had been, Tony wasn't sure he would have been able to handle it with so much grace; he had always looked up to Steve for how he had handled it, but he wasn't surprised that it was suddenly throwing Steve for a loop. So many years had gone by with not a single word about Bucky or his body. SHIELD had gone looking, but it had always come back empty handed, just like how Howard had always failed to find Steve.

"Well, it *was* Bucky. He goes by the moniker Winter Soldier now. The Russians found him a while back – brainwashed him something awful." Steve flicked a piece of paper towards Tony. It was a hospital form, some psychological assessment done up by SHIELD's agents and medics. Tony had never liked the looks of these kinds of files, but this one seemed especially brutal. It listed specific hits, their damages and what the Winter Soldier had thought about them. Each one was brief, cold and bordering on psychotic. He noted Natasha's name on the page, some kind of visitation request on Bucky's part and pushed the paper back wondering just what she had had to do with Bucky Barnes.

“Is there anything they can do to help?” Tony asked, trying to make eye contact with Steve. Steve seemed wary of it for a moment and then relaxed, meeting Tony’s gaze head on. “They say yes – with time, he’ll snap out of it and start being Bucky again, but I’m not sure it will be…”

“The same?”

“Real,” Steve closed the file; papers tucked neatly away and out of sight. “I keep getting the feeling like they’re leaving something out – like he’s not who they say he is. I should be happy about finding him again.”

“And you’re not?” Tony raised an eyebrow. He pushed his chair forwards with his heels and put a hand over Steve’s, rubbing his thumb against Steve’s bruised knuckles. Steve shrugged, putting his other hand on top of Tony’s, a ghost of a smile on his lips. “I’m afraid that it *is* him. That he’ll be horrified by what he’s become – by what’s in these pages. He’s killed so many people in cold blood. I don’t know how he’ll handle it.”

“He was brainwashed,” Tony pointed out gently. It was strange to see Steve so unhappy like this, even if he was smiling. “It’s not like he’s to blame for it. Clint was brainwashed too, remember?”

“I suppose you’re right,” Steve agreed, “I just hope it’s not going to turn around and bite us in the ass. They say he’s a gifted manipulator now – he can charm the pants off you if you’re not watching out for it.”

“Well,” Tony smirked, squeezing Steve’s fingers, “no one’s getting in your pants except for me.”

“Oh really?” Steve laughed, the sound rich and warm. “And what makes you think you’ve got the sole key to my pants?” He teased.

“Oh come on! You don’t think I’m going to let anyone else touch you – you’re mine Mr. Fussypants,” Tony growled. “They can have you when they pry you out of my cold dead hands.” He wanted to slap himself in the face after saying it, horrified by his bad choice of words. Steve seemed alright though, his smile growing brighter and impossibly fonder.

“Tony,” Steve laughed, standing up and pulling his hands free from Tony’s grasp. He wrapped his arms around Tony’s middle, burying his nose in Tony’s neck. “Honey, I’ve been yours since well *before* you got into my pants.”

“Oh?” The strange nervous feeling in Tony’s chest was suddenly gone, like blowing the flame from a candle. “The crazy drunk naked man didn’t scare you?” He asked timidly. He had been under the impression that Steve hadn’t been all that impressed with his tawdry behavior. When he thought about how he had showed up drunk and naked to Steve’s room now, it seemed almost like a nightmare in the making. He wasn’t sure how he would have reacted in Steve’s place, but curling up with a drunken friend and petting his hair probably wouldn’t have been his way of dealing with it. For Steve, of course, he would have made the effort, but if it had been anyone else he might have jumped clean out the window in order to

escape. Sure, his fellow Avengers were buff and beautiful, but there was only one person he wanted naked in his bed, and that was Steve.

“The crazy drunk naked man was a *little* off-putting, I have to admit,” Steve chuckled, petting Tony’s hair in a way that was far more sensual than it should have been, “but he was sweet and cuddly all the time and he didn’t once try any funny stuff even if he wanted to.”

Tony wrapped his arms around Steve’s middle. “I’m sorry,” He said, and he was. He had been dreading this conversation, but this was unexpectedly kind of Steve. There had been so much drunken stupidity in Tony’s life before, and most of it he had lived to regret; this he would never regret, although he did wish that he had been a *teensy* bit classier about the entire thing. Less drunkenness and nudity would have been a good start.

“Don’t be sorry. I don’t think it bothered me too much, to tell you the truth,” Steve kissed Tony’s neck. “There wasn’t really anything bad about you sneaking into my room, even if you were buck-naked at the time. I kind of liked having you there to curl up with. Although,” He flicked Tony in the ear, “I think you left quite a few unhappy dames behind to do it.”

“Nah,” Tony chuckled, letting his hands wander up Steve’s back because he could. “It was just the one and she was pretty cool about it afterwards. She got a good look at you when she left the next morning and texted me later telling me I should have brought her down with me. Somehow I don’t think you would have appreciated that though.”

“No, I don’t think so,” Steve laughed.

“I uh… stopped bringing people home,” Tony admitted, resting his head against Steve’s shoulder. “Nobody was right except for you.”

“Nobody?”

“To be fair, nobody was right *before* you either.”

“Really?”

“Really.” Tony pulled away to smile up at Steve. “Really really.”

Steve spread his legs and plunked down on Tony’s lap, giving Tony what would likely be the first of many deeply satisfying kisses. He pulled away after what felt like hours, his breathe ragged. “Well that’s good, because I think you’re *swell*.” He smirked when Tony scowled at him, amused by the reaction. “And you know what?”

“What?”

“I think I’m going to keep you.”

“Oh?”

“Yep. You’re wearing my underwear after all. It’s got my name written in it too, so everyone will know who you belong to.”

“Does it now?”

“Yep. I wrote it in black sharpie. Jarvis tells me that stuff lasts for years, and I can always go over it again if it starts to fade.”

“That’s a nice sentiment,” Tony nodded, giving Steve a peck on the tip of his nose. “But if you want them back you’re going to have to peel them off of me.”

“I can do that,” Steve laughed, leaning in to kiss Tony again, “It would be my pleasure.”

“Mine too,” Tony grinned.

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